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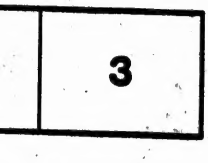

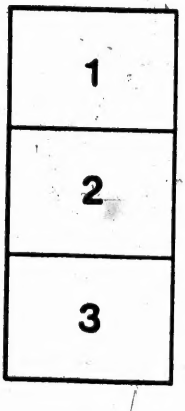

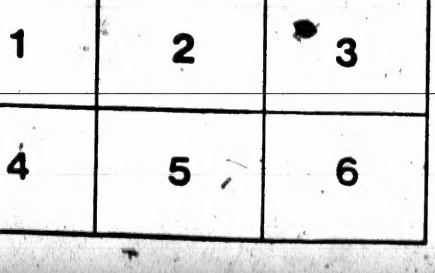

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DEDICATION.

To Wm. Owen and S. P. Niles, Esqrs.

Gents: In addition to the honor conferred upon you by your official stations, permit me to dedicate to you this memento of Prince Edward County.

I remain, with high regard,

Yours, &c.,

J. T. Breeze.

A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

A Poem on the beloved wife of MR. JAMES GILMORE: *also, on his two sons, at St. Andrew's College, Scotland.*

In pride the bard has glanced upon the shade
Of one whose dust lies sacred with the dead;
That holy form 'round which dear memories rise,
To move a tear from out affection's eyes.
Nor sing my harp, nor move the tender tear,
Too much to bear to name one loved so dear.
Nor picture thou the scenes of early youth,
When all life's bloom shaded her brow of truth.
'Twould move to deep depths of the human heart,
To bid love's tears in gentle streamlets start.
A mother's love shone through that holy face,
Pouring the rays of beauty and of grace;
Hope bloomed so radiant, shedding hallowed light
Through every feature of her spirit bright;
Life's crystal stream well'd out its current pure,
And promised fair on earth long to endure.
But in an hour, some power to us unknown,
Nipt the deep beauty of those cheeks alone;
And cruel fate would mar the living joy,
Check'd the deep peace that nought did yet alloy.
Life's darkness come, and cloud on cloud arose,
Moving their fear from out its deep repose.
Life gathered gloom through every effort made
To shelter here that dear beloved shade.
But cruel death with fixed purpose come
To guide her soul to its eternal home.
She bids farewell to every object dear,
Shakes the fond hand and drops affection's tear,
And soars away on angel's wings of light,

To hide the soul 'neath thrones of glory bright,
Leaving behind a weeping heart of love,
To cast a glance from earth to her above.
Two little lambs in need of holy care,
She left behind, waiting life's fate to share.
But sovereign goodness, from the eternal skies,
Beheld their tears and heard their infant cries,
And did endow with prudence, love and care,
Another form a mother's place to share;
Affection's spring was opened in her breast,
And all their power around the children rest;
And 'neath her care and tutored discipline,
Their mental powers of native lustre shine

Now years have fled, and all the bloom of youth
Doth crown their brow and smile on them in truth.
Fortune hath smiled upon these happy days,
And poured on them the lustre of its rays.
Their noble father, knowing of the worth
Of learning's aid to bring their powers forth,
Early conveyed them to his native land,
Where all her rays fall on their golden sand.
Renowned for fame and for high mental power,
No lands can boast of greater heights to tower,
And neath the shade of that devoted shrine,
These youth do court her favours all divine;
Drinking the streams from out her holy fount,
Mid joys so great the poet fails recount,
What lies before their varied mental powers,
Far in the distance of life's future hours,
No power can see save that omnicient eye,
Whose glance through life's long labyrinth can spy.
The form of learning now acquired may prove,
Unlike the place in which thy power may move;
But be it so, a merchant life of joy,
Yet in the future thy strong powers employ.
May ocean's ships yet oft obey thy call,
Their wealth unnumbered at thy presence fall.

But dearest John there may be in thy soul
Some mighty power whence thoughts sublimest roll.
One blessed form bequeathed to thee that power
To wield the brush of artists in life's hour.
I read in lines of thy benignant face,
The varied shadows of thy mothers grace,
Whose power of soul deep beauties could retrace;
And in her soul the love of knowledge pure,
Burned of the radience that will e'er endure.
Learning and truth had garnished every power
That broke in splendour thro' life's changing hour.
O! be that thirst yet planted in thy breast,
Nor give thy powers but few short hours of rest;
Till with its bliss thou'lt be forever blest.
The great and good of every clime and age,
Do print a name upon their history's page;
And be it thine to plant an honoured name
Upon the tablets of immortal fame.
O! it is bliss to be in one with those
Who on learning's hill do make their sweet repose,
Thy mental powers are early guided on,
In happy prospects of their bright renown.
Thy taste is strengthend as thy labering power,
Drinks purest streams of knowledge every hour.
Learning's a means, an instrument of power,
But not the end of all that's in life's hour.
Stern are its roots—immutable as rocks,
Nor move when youth threw round them trifling jokes.
They must be masterd slowly, one by one,
By those who seek its bliss or bright renown.
Latin and French are properties of thine,
In classics too thy youthful powers shine.
Climb on! climb on! to hights almost divine,
Keep steady aim upon the beacon light
On learnings hill, where shine proud genii bright;
They gaze on thee, and would thy breast inspire,
As step by step thou dost to them aspire.

And Willie dear, I gazed upon thy brow,
Where bloom and beauty do together glow;
Thy count'nance frank doth play of subtle smile,
Unfolding truth and virtue void of guile.
Thy inventive powers may yet gain laurels pure
To deck thy brow, that may through time endure.
Yea, thou art blest with fortune's plenteous store,
Cared for by heaven till all thy wants are o'er.
The classic halls in Scotia's holy shade,
Threw their deep lustre round thy youthful head;
And neath St. Andrew's halls of classic pride,
Where roar the billows of the ocean's tide,
Your youthful souls drink in those pleasures pure
Where all the great their knowledge did secure.
Where brilliant youth from every distant shore,
Come to research the mines of classic lore,
And gather pearls on learning's hill to guide
Their youthful steps to glorious seats of pride.
Like Jacob thou, the latest born, contest
Thy brother's right to seats of honor best;
And climb thy way as years of blooming youth
Threw their pure shadows round thy brow of truth.
O favored sons! cast holy light and hope
To bless and cheer your father's spirit up,
Comforts his days as come the deeper gloom
Around his brow as nearing to the tomb,
Disperse the gloom as comes life's evening shade,
Threw brightest rays around his drooping head.
Honor the name of Gilmour in the land;
Let it resound in pride at your command;
And when this life and all its scenes are o'er,
May it be yours to gain a brighter shore,
And meet that form once loved on earth so dear,
For whom you oft have dropt affection's tear;
Then hush my harp, retire thy golden strain,
To sing with them in heaven fore'er, amen!

PHILIP LOW, ESQ.,

COUNTY ATTORNEY.

Shade of old England's mighty minds,
Whose mental powers have thoughts sublime,
And round thy home the rustling winds
Of Quinte's bay their murmers chime;
No servile pen portrays thy worth,
A native poet chaunts the song,
Like gliding strains that murmur forth,
In strains of music ever young.

We gaze on thee as we in youth
Gazed on the great on England's shore,
When innocence and holy truth
Shone round our brow in days of yore.
Beauty and grandeur sits supreme,
Nestling around thy happy home,
And charm the mind as doth a dream,
As it doth through my powers roam.

Imagination steals her way
As I around these beauties roam,
Gladly comparing them so gay,
To those that deck Britannia's homes.
It is a transcript of those halls,
Enshrined in England's shady groves,
Where youthful pride strongly recalls
Those days of glee and plighted loves.

Its glory adds to all the pride
And honor of our favored town,
Shedding its beauty on Quinte's tide,
Deepening as it trembles down.
And round our lustrous soil doth reign,
Those powers and attributes of thine,
That do in mental pride oft gain
Honors that in fadeless lustre shine.

Live, then, to lead our country right,
To future honor and renown;
Thy faith with her affections plight,
Bring gems to deck her promised crown.

Our country moves to honor thee,
Doth choose thee as the favored one,
To guard her laws ingeniously,
And keep unsullied Britain's throne.

THE VENERABLE DR. MOORE.

Yea, ruthless time hath woven a garland round thy brow,
Its buds of snowy whiteness will never wither now;
Life's wearied hours were honored by many an act sublime,
Recorded by some angel beyond the shades of time.

Where life's dark clouds encompassed our weary smitten head,
And life's sad blows did threaten to lay us with the dead;
Thy welcome aid was granted, thy skill soon drove away,
The settled gloom and darkness, and brought life's milder ray.

Proud nature favored early, thy soul with mental power,
And gifted thee with genius that o'er life's scenes did tower;
Those powers were ever active, removing pain and woes,
That human nature suffers in all it undergoes.

And now life's varied shadows have fallen on thy head,
And cruel death doth threaten to lay thee with the dead;
Thou't fall in arms that love thee and hold thy memory,
Dear as the lights that bless us, when heaven will set thee free.

Thou hast no scar to cover, as one of old whose grace
Would hide a wound by placing his finger on the place.
No scar in all thy history we know of now to hide,
We love to grace thy picture with strokes of moral pride.

Thy heart benign did ever throb of deep sympathy
With all the varied sorrow that nature bled so free;
Thy venered years are brightened by rays that chase the gloom.
As life's deep shadows gather on nearings to the tomb.

The radiant truths of heaven in favor kissed thy brow,
And heavenly hopes are kindled within thy bosom now;
Be blessed while life remaineth, more than the poet's pen
Could tell of bliss to crown thee, and yet in heaven, amen!

DR. EVANS.

England hath many a lustrous son,
In many a land in many a clime,
Whose mighty powers of thought outlived
The noblest monument of time.
Skill'd in many an art sublime,
Their powers have touched the latent core
Within the heart of knowledge pure,
From treasure vast of days of yore.

Guided in youth beneath the minds
Of England's geniuses profound,
Thy mental powers are graced with skill,
To bless our country all around.
Deep in recesses of disease,
Thy mind espies the subtle cause
That preys upon our nature's life,
Frustrating all her generous laws.

With wondrous ease he turns to find
The means that will destroy its power,
And grant life's living streams of health
With joy throughout life's sacred hour.
Thy worth and skill to us unknown,
Untaught the depths that nature knows,
But he, with all its mysteries,
A knowledge of its functions shows.

Brave, when dangers thickly stand
Around with powers of horrid death,
He blunts their wily spears with scorn,
And grants the patient longer breath.
Live, then, to gain affection's pure,
And rule the prejudice of men,
Then wilt thou all life's joys secure,
With honor from the poet's pen.

GIDEON STRIKER,

EX-WARDEN.

Genius always loves to revel
Round the brilliant and the pure,
To portray the glowing virtues
That around our shores endure.
Trace her steps in distant ages,
As she sings of great and good,
As the varied shades of intellect
Points the world from earth God.

'Mid the varied lights that sparkle,
In the intellectual sky,
There is one whose deeper lustre
Doth attract the poet's eye.
All the social virtues crown him,
Throwing round his heart benign,
Those exalted, purest virtues
That on earth appear divine.

Fate stamps one with force of genius,
Some become sublime in soul,
Others strong in finer passions
That do in the bosom roll.
Nature shed upon thy spirit
All these qualities sublime,
That do make thy memory to us
Hallowed through all coming time.

Powers of soul, with mild affections,
Gave thee favor and a name,
Dear to thee as fadeless laurels
That do crown the brow of fame.
Live, that future years of honor
Yet may crown thy favored brow,
With still deeper growing lustre
Than adorns thy temples now.

Long thy memory, Gideon Striker,
Shall around our soil remain,
Shedding hallowed fragrance on us,
Though death bow thy head of pain.

Rising youth may read thy actions,
Labor to aquire again,
All these glowing virtues painted
By the humble poet's pen.

THOMAS DONELLY, ESQ.

Thy classic mind could pen a thought
Kin to the poet's towering soul,
Who drank at heavenly founts a draught,
Of springs that do eternal roll.

Its purest streams bedewed thy breast,
Refreshing oft thy mental powers,
Weary of earth it longed to rest,
Where the immortal spirits tower.

For many a year thy mind has led
Pictonian youth to scenes sublime,
Pointing their towering souls ahead,
Beyond the fading joys of time.

Guiding their thought and mental power
To classic streams to quench the flame
Of inward thirst through finite hour,
From those who gained immortal fame.

Earth and its hopes engross thy soul.
Encumb'ring genius in her flight,
Still through life's gloom thy lustre stole,
Diffusing rays of mental light.

May all the blessings thou hast shed
Upon our beauteous, gifted town,
Fall yet upon thy lustrous head,
When death will lay thy temples down.

ASA WORDEN, Esq. Ex M. P. P.

The weight of four score years doth shade thy wrinkled brow,
Still Providence doth lengthen thy days on earth below;
Around thy wearied powers there dwelt internal might,
Whose lightnings once were kindled to guide thy country right.

The shades of evening gather around thy weary head,
And time's stern hand doth threaten to lay thee with the dead,
Thy days of strength and glory are ever fled away,
But none boast of more power in their meridian day.

Thy massive will and purpose unshaken and unbent,
In days of thy meridian could rule this continent.
Stern were thy reasoning powers when bent upon their prey,
Woe to the human spirit who'd 'tempt thy powers to sway.

Shade of Canadian heroes, who struggled on in might,
To guide this land of freedom to future glory bright,
Thou'rt here a noble relic of these stern days of yore,
When Europe's noble spirits came tramping to our shore.

Thou hast seen this country's blossoms 'mid nature's sternest dress,
When all her children wandered through its wild wilderness;
And now thine eyes are dimming, they linger here to see,
The shades of deeper glory clothed in art's drapery.

Then linger on among us, as a reed against the wind,
Breasting time's sternest hours and storms of every kind,
Till cruel death's last tempest will bear thy soul away,
To some akin Achilles' in realms of brighter day.

MR. FITZGERALD, Attorney.

How noble thou, like those proud souls who smile,
And grace the glories of the Emrald Isle;
Within whose breast there dwells a generous heart,
From whence those deep immortal passions start.

The social law doth cast her benign sway,
And sheds o'er thee her own benignant ray,
Chasing the gloom from round life's checkered day.

'Tis thine to know those human hearts that stray
Far in the regions of sin's erring way;
'Tis thine to strike those passions in his breast,
That kill life's peace and rob the spirit's rest.
Yea, thou canst sink an hook within his nose,
To break sin's slumbers and his soft repose;
Unguile to him the cords of wrong that wrap
His fated soul on pleasure's downy lap.
When broken laws for vengeance on him cry,
And royal justice threats him from the sky,
Then thou canst awe, and wake a righteous fear,
Move from his eyes the penitential tear,
And tear his conscience from things treasured dear.

This thou hast done when dreadful wrong did hide
Her serpent form in many folds of pride.
When all that's dear in human life's at stake,
Thy sense of right in dreadful forms would wake,
Thy law! the law!! in all its divine power,
Were words of strength in that auspicious hour.
Its dreadful forms of holy sacred right,
Was clear to all in thy strong words of light.

And then again, should pity sway thy breast,
For one misguided from life's high behest,
And chains of guilt were thrown around his soul,
While tears of anguish down his count'nance roll,
Thy mental powers can weave a marv'lous scheme
T' allure the eye, like some enchanted dream,
Placing an object that the mind withdraw
Its sense away for the deep claims of law,
Then storm awile to rise the sympathies high,
And draw the tear from out compassion's eye;
The guilty's chains unconsciously do roll,
Break off, e'er half thine eloquence doth fall!

STEPHEN PHILIP NILES, Warden.

Near Ontario's rolling billow,
Fann'd by many a summer's breeze,
Dwells a home of mildest beauty,
Shaded by the forest trees;
Lashed betimes by whistling tempests,
That do rend Canadian skies,
'Mid the hoary frost of winter,
Calm this peaceful cottage lies.

None of Europe's pomp or splendour
Is seen stamped upon its face,
None of its resplendant fashions
Doth its happy precints grace.
Simple, pure and unencumbered,
By the affluent forms of life,
Dwells this sacred home of pleasure,
Far from all earth's forms of strife.

Still grand offices are given
By the million of the land,
To those chosen by affection,
Offered to an honest hand.
There is something far sublimer
In these forest scenes of ours,
Than the varied dazzl'ing glories
In those lands of ancient powers.

Life is simple, life is real,
Though it breaks not forth in form
Kindled by those pure affections
That doth keep our bosoms warm.
Let the law of merit rule us,
Give our noblest minds reward,
Then our land will rise in honor,
Claim from earth a great regard.

Niles, thy heart hath won affections
That have placed thee at thy trust,
And no fears disturb our bosom,
That thou wilt not treat us just.
Thou art loved by thine acquaintance,
Honored round thy native place,
And no foe can point his finger
To a feature of disgrace.

Let thy remnant days among us
Cast their hallowed fragrance o'er
Those then left when death shall call thee
To the great eternal shore.
Live to shed the light of virtue,
Let its holy lustre shine,
Till thy spirit is transported
Round the glorious throne divine.

A. I. CORKINDALE, ESQ.

Did proud nature pour upon thee
Outward attributes of grace,
With a soul of radiant lustre,
That breaks on thy brow apace.
All their manly graces glisten
'Mid the spirits of the young,
When the wealth of pleasure poureth
All her vials on the throng.

But the joys of youth declineth,
Life is loaded with its care,
That thy own superior spirit
Must 'mid all life's troubles share.
In the mercantile relation,
Where thy banner is unfurl'd,
There thou dost display a genius,
Whose powers breast the troubled world.

Equity and cheapness ever
Characterise thy goods for sale,
And while justice sways her sceptre,
Picton will not let thee fail.
Thou hast gained a name among us,
Sending forth its power benign,
And we trust its light will bless us,
Long as it on earth will shine.

Till the almond blows will glisten
On thy brow in lines of snow;
When they fall, may heaven's own glory
On thy brow forever glow.
'Mong the loved ones cherished here,
In recesses of the heart,
Live among that holy number,
Never more from them to part.

MR. BARKER, POSTMASTER.

Deep in thy heart trembles the love of right,
It sways thy soul with more than temp'ral might,
To every object of a lofty aim
That power is lent, void of the love of fame.
Thy soul doth shed its gen'rous sympathies wide,
To raise what's good to this our land of pride.

The "Post," an agent that doth swift convey
Our holiest thoughts to distant friends away,
And in return may learn of joy or woe,
That they through time have oft to undergo.
The office rears her towering head on high,
Where hearts of love do guide the anxious eye.
Here young and old seek out the building grand,
That raised by wealth to decorate the land,
To its fond shrine the youth are on th' alert,
Love swiftly moves them to its doors expert;
To hear and know of some fond wandering heart,
That's left our land for other climes apart.
The seal is broke! the dew-drop fills the eye,
The heart beats swift and sends affection's sigh,
Weeps that the hand that pen'd the pensive line
Could not be grasp'd with warmth all but divine.
A mother's footstep often wanders here,
Seeking some knowledge of an object dear,
Sends and receives the fruit of holy love,
To offspring dear in distant lands that rove.
Here friendship, too, exchanges hallowed thought,
Whose silken threads on earth can ne'er be bought.
And kings may know that friendship is not sold,
For Damon spurn'd the offered royal gold.
And here may meet the great commercial mind,
Whose brows with thought and sorrows deep are lined,
Waiting to know if their success be sure.
Should doubts remain, what woes their hearts endure;
Their minds a wreck, and reason leaves the throne,
The heart is broke and life's bright hopes are gone.
Poor prostrate man, seek commerce with thy God,
Get from his throne the purchase of his blood.
Then wealth eternal shall thy soul secure,
Long as the throne of mercy shall endure.

THOMAS YARWOOD, ESQ.

Labor and industry have shed
Their valued blessings round thy home,
As youthful years on wings have fled,
'Mid all the adverse winds that come

Onward and upward every year,
Thy steady purpose press'd its way,
Bent on a settled object clear,
Long since thou'st gain'd the promised prey.

Honor and wealth and useful power
Are treasures thou didst soon acquire,
And dost command them through life's hour,
And wield them at thy own desire.

Early thy heart was taught to love
The glories of thy Saviour's name,
And seeks those honors from above,
Of value more than earthly fame.

Thy powers are sacrificed to Him,
Who bought thee with his precious blood,
And poured his life as in a stream,
To bring our spirits back to God.

Thou'rt here 'mid those who know thy worth,
And trace thy life since days of youth,
Shedding the gospel lustre forth,
In the mild language of the truth.

Thy moral strength should claim a word
Of music from the poet's song,
Whose tones should with the truth accord,
And feel that there is nothing wrong.

Live in th' affections of the good,
And bless our town for years to come,
Till thou art called, through Jesu's blood,
To reign in an eternal home.

Keep 't in thy hand, but let it from the heart,
A gen'rous distance now and always part;
And let thy soul on nobler objects stay,
When earth and heaven forever flee away,
And rise sublime from all the scenes of earth,
T' enjoy the bliss that's of eternal birth.

THE PHŒBE CATHERINE, PICTON.

NORMAN & CURRY.

What glories hang 'round Picton's noble brow,
As themes for songs that 'lone from poets flow;—
Amongthe host of the illustrious charms,
Another throws her beauty in my arms;
Daughters of song, ye well may stamp your name
Upon her brow to augment your future fame;
Go, Phœbe, go! and like thy namesake gain
Earth treasures rich despite her toil and pain;
Thy namesake long on life's rough ocean's been,
And furrows deep around her brow are seen,
The sullen storms and furious winds she's past,
Unwrecked she stands towards life's close at last,
Though dash'd by tempests in their proudest rage,
She stands an heroine of her favoured age;
O as thou spreadest thy wide wing'd sail abroad,
Sailing in pride along the silvery road,
Empty thy treasures at thy namesake's feet,
Then with a smile will she thy presence greet.

And, Catherine, thou whose milder glories dwell
In calmer scenes, baffling my song to tell,
Thou'lt represent those calmer hours of fair
When storms do hush, and winds their fury fail,
Deck'd in that beauty that may charm the soul,
When winds have ceased their furious waves to roll,
But all serene, calm as those hours of even,
When golden stars peep through the depths of heaven.

Proud Phœbe Catherine, stem those sullen storms,
Laugh at those rocks that raise their hugely forms,
That stand a threatening to abate thy pride,
As sailing by on ocean's billowy tide;
They envy thee free sailing in the wind,
While they enslaved are left in chains behind,

Smile at their threat, and press through dang'rous seas,
Filling thy sails with every pleasant breeze,
Kiss foreign shores waving in graceful pride,
Thy full-swelled sails along the silver tide,
Bring in return the wealth of every land,
Empty them freely in thy owners' hand.
Should Picton's sons see thee in distant lands,
Waving thy flag above their golden sands,
Gladly they'd own thy flaps at any shrine,
And shout all hail, sweet Phœbe Catharine!
O, be thou kept by heaven's propitious eye
When storms assemble, thy proud fronts to try,
And when their pride and strength shall all engage
To crush thy power when desp'rate battles rage,
May victory fall on Phœbe Catherine's side,
And conquering sail in her Pictonian pride,
Return to hail the welcome thou hast won,
While at thy helm was some Pictonian son—
Accept my song, with my desire for thee
To press thy way through every troubled sea;
May age alone stamp on thy noble brow;
The infirm proofs that 'll lay thy temples low,
Success e'er mark thy Captain and her crew,
And bring him home with plenteous stores anew,—
May ruthless time alone lay low thy head,
And hide thy brow 'neath ocean's lustrous bed.

THE MILITARY.

G. Jacobs, Bandmaster Sixteenth Battalion.

Air—"*Bonnie Scotia Grows*."

On a spot were the tide of O[illegible] strong billow,
Assails the fair bosom of [illegible] green shore,
Do dwell the strong hearts that would press death's cold pillow,
'Fore foes should ere rob them of treasures of yore.

Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, and unfurl freedom's banner,
And swell her a song with the heart of the true;
We'll die in her service while heaven breezes fan her
And shout hurra, boys, for the red white and blue.

The proud flag of Britain has wav'd in rich glory,
O'er nation that shine in her crown [illegible]

And no throne 'neath the sun can relate such a story
Of valour and freedom with these to compare,
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Her crown and her throne are more loved than the jewel
That hangs on the maid in the days of her pride,
Or they that do shine like the sparks of the fuel,
And deck her snow hand in the days when a bride.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Thy shore-favoured Picton is graced with the spirit
Of hero's that slumber in death on the plain,
Whose pride would dictate them to gain equal merit,
And die for the glory of Britain again.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Thy Ross and thy Fraser, whose deep hearts of fire
Would kindle of loyalty and sacred love,
Whose proud deeds of valour would thousands inspire,
To follow to glory in regions above.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag &c.

Thy Allen and Langmuir would die in the battle,
And shed their blood sacred so free on the plain;
While cannon would roar, and the proud thunders rattle,
To raise thee, dear Britain, to glory again.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Our country shall live, and yet rise in rich glory,
And wear many a gem in her illustrious crown;
Our children shall rise, and relate her a story,
Of war and of victory of fadeless renown.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

ITS LITERATURE.

THE "NORTH AMERICAN."

Hail, little star! spreading thy silvery light
Upon our land in all its radiance bright,
Thy columns teem with rays from every shore,
Cheering our hearts with thy most precious lore:
Here wit and humour play their active part,
Teaching of depths within the human heart,
And stores of truth from arts and science pure,
Fall on the soul its affections to allure;

The fancy wild may welcomely be fed,
By fragrant thoughts that fall upon our head;
Here passions play in their infinite form,
Keeping th' affections of the bosom warm;
And genius sheds her feathers from the soul,
Like down from wings of angels as they fall,
T' allure the eye our spirit to condole.
The towering bard drops his most brilliant thought,
'Tis treasured here as things of value ought,
And pure religion and her balmy power
Sheds heavenly light upon the heart each hour;
Here wrong 's reproved, and justice plays her part,
To pang th' oppressor with a mortal smart;
McMullen, thou with thy deep, mental toil,
Hast welcome here within thy native soil;
Live then to rise and bless thy native land,
Obey the dictates of thy God's command,
Till frowning age lay low thy weary head,
Hide it in honour in earth's dusty bed—
Then may thy name shed hallowed fragrance o'er
Those left behind on earth's beclouded shore.

I leave the printers, where "Gazettes" do fly,
Dispersing news to every cottage nigh,
That guides the public mind and mould its thought,
To love the British law as Britons ought.

And on my left I leave the Grammar School,
Where eager' minds do seize its rugged rule,
And promise fair to bless some future hour,
Their country's service with strong mental power;
A nurs'ry this, where grow for every stage
Some blooming plants t' adorn the coming age;
And from her breasts may learned and eloquent,
To fill their country's posts be ever sent,
To raise to wealth, to glory and to power,
To gem her crown and deck it with a flower.

Mechanics' Institute shall grace my song,
She's heard afore the warblings of my tongue;
Now gently deign to hear again my praise
As I, in song, my timid warblings raise;
Lo, on thy brow have shone the learned, the wise,
Whose eloquent floods hath oft caused thee surprise.

A proof thou stand'st of Picton's inward love
Of progress, learning, and bright hopes above;
Long live thy sons, and all thy noble sires,
Who to high learning's height their breast aspires;
And from thy breasts may youthful souls be fed,
Who'll rise and call them bless'd when they are dead.

And centered here, the "Times" hath shelter long
Nor must her columns bright escape my song,
For she can sing herself serenely sweet,
Nor can the poet's wings fan to her height;
Sing on and shine thou beacon light of truth,
Inspire thy love to it in brilliant youth,
And bless our homes with lustre from thy star,
And send thy rays along our shores afar.

BLOOMFIELD.

Bloom may thy fields forever fair, abundant harvests may they yield,
Long as thy post name shall bear remembrance of the bard, "Bloomfield."
O, may kind heaven begift thy soil with some immortal kindred soul,
Whose seraph strains of mental toil shall yet in bardic numbers roll.

That all the beauties that may lurk around thy quiet homes of love,
Be oft portrayed to praise the works of nature's God who reigns above;
Beauty and loveliness do play in many a form upon thy breast,
When summer's rose do bloom so gay, by nature's dews forever blest.

Thy moral ground affords some souls with beauty and loveliness more pure,
Which heaven's own silent grace controls that'll long around thy soil endure;
The mystic chain of cordial love doth hold their friendly hearts in one,
Bound by a law from heaven above, whose hallowed rays fall from his throne.
The copious dews of heavenly grace fall on the silent banded few,
They court the smiles of Jesus' face, whose glories break on them anew.

A. I. CORKINDALE, ESQ.

I have much pleasure in inscribing the following Poem on the death of Mrs. Corkindale to her bereaved husband, who confided in me when a stranger, assisted me in affliction, and to whom I am indebted for a great many favours. The solemnities of her death were too graphical in themselves to admit of their publication at the time; hoping

they will not be at present out of place, I submit them to the affectionate friends and the public.

Thy gentle goodness bless'd me when a stranger in the land,
Inspired me when oppression lay on me its cruel hand;
Thou through those clouds beheld'st me enduring every ill,
When drinking deep afflictions and sorrow to the fill,—
Accept this humb e tribute of gratitude from me,
For all the tender kindness that I received from thee—
May heaven benign o'er favour thy person and thy store,
And grant thee every blessing till life's vast scenes are o'er.

A SACRED MEMENTO OF MRS. CORKINDALE.

My harp awake thy tender strings empower,
To aid the muse in her distressed hour,
That weeps in mem'ry of an hallowed scene
In human life, which spots lie evergreen,
And stand as columns here in human life,
To point man's soul from all its scenes of strife;
For oft indeed those hours of hallowed thought
Become divine of heavenly sympathy fraught,

And stand apart to look at life so true,
Without the colouring of false glowing hue;
The human heart like nature's floodgates break
Betimes with woe that doth its powers o'ertake,
As nature's waters doth the earth deface,
So youthful bloom and beauty lose their grace,
And furrowed o'er their remains many a line
Which none can feel save that rent breast of thine.
Dear prostrate man, who felt these waters roll,
In boundless grandeur o'er thy troubled soul.

If so betimes a sunny smile may rise,
Like rainbows lustre through the cloudy skies,
Thy furrowed brow again will gather gloom,
As mem'ry's powers recur but to the tomb;
The tomb! I said, where love will shed her tear
For dear ones mantled sacred ever there.
Two silent years had fled on gentle wing
Since wedlock bless'd the pair of whom I sing,
Within those years their sprang as springs the flower,
Pure wedlock's fruit to augment the family bower.
Ah! troubled year, though big betimes with hope
Of future joy bright'ning each spirit up;

But didst beget to them 'n unwelcome hour
Of faded joy that wither'd hearts of power;
Her gentle spirit bent its pinions o'er
Her darling child as heaven would ope its door:
She feigned to whisper in the ear of death,
To stop its life thread, and resign its breath,
That in her arms, or on her wings, she may
Conduct it home to realms of endless day,
To cast a trophy 'fore the lustrous throne—
A spotless spirit kin to her native own

Ah, monster [redacted]! why didst thou not withstand
The tempted boon which she had at command,
That brilliant gem which beauty could enshrine,
Low at thy feet to tempt that heart of thine?
O heart of stone! could beauty not then sway,
And put thy office to another day?
And couldst thou scorn the manly tears that flow
Down anxious cheeks, as emblem of his woe,
Didst thou regard that tenderest appeal,
That pity fail'd in mercy to conceal?
Or did death's heart repel e'en from a child,
Its needful claims that ask'd in language mild;
He pass'd by this his heart as e'er unmoved,
And smote the object by us all beloved.

But fate's black curtain drop't its sable side,
Before her eye to stop this wish of pride,
And heaven, impatient at her weary stay,
Invites her upward through the starry way,
Passing the pearly gates with hues of gold,
Harping deep music and pure joys untold;
Then closed these gates, they bury in heavenly light,
These scenes of sorrow from her mortal sight.

Farewell, dark earth, she stands around God's throne,
Lost in its joys and glory all unknown;
And now she beckons from those scenes of bliss
Her husband dear and children with a kiss:
Holds out their crown, and points to seats of love,
To meet her there to sing with her above,
Gazing forever with an heavenly ken,
On Jesus' wounds to praise him e'er amen.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JAMES WYCOTT,

Who Departed this Life, April 6, 1865.

Picton, weep thy gentle dewdrops
O'er the sacred dust of one,
Who, from mid thy strong affections,
To the world of bliss hath gone;
Deep the springs of christian virtue,
Deep the principles of truth,—
Shone from out his silent spirit,
Early since bright days of youth.

Aged and grave, mid friends that love him,
Has this Christian pilgrim fell,
Left this chequered world of sorrow,
Bidding all a long farewell;
Deeply mild were all his actions,
Love of truth inspired the soul,
Whose devoted powers are chanting
Now where songs of millions roll.

Widow, weep thy crystal tears,
Let them down thy count'nance lave,
Oft to kiss the summer's flowers,
That may beautify his grave;
Weep with hope, that all his ashes
Yet in glorious bliss shall rise,
To meet Jesus his Redeemer,
When his throne comes in the skies.

Fare thee well, beloved spirit.
Oft we'll miss thee here below,
But thy soul is there enraptured,
Where heaven's joys eternal flow;
Hush my song! thy music blushes,
Dies to hear the song above,
As its glorious strains are breaking
Praises to the Saviours love!